

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
Publishers.

(Devoted to News, Politics, Internal Improvement, and General Information.)

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WHOLE NO. 592.

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:
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Within six months, : : : : 2 50
At the end of the year, : : : : 3 00
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HAVING lately added to our Job Office, some
of the most fashionable styles of
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We are now prepared to fill all orders for
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In a style which cannot be surpassed in the
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is very complete, and those desiring either Por-
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GUNS.

RIFLE and Shot Guns, just received and
for sale by
J. B. AKIN.
sept 22, '54

4 BOXES FINE VIRGINIA CHEW-
ING TOBACCO, just received at
L. DIMMITT'S
Oct 16,

PARLOR CHAIRS of several beautiful
and fashionable styles, for sale at
G. W. HEWEY'S.

GLASS-WARE.
BOWLS, Stands, Salvers, Pitchers, Pres-
sures, Stands, Golds, Mugs, Water Tubs,
Tumbler, assorted. Call and see at
J. B. AKIN'S.
nov 19

WRITING and Ladies' Work Tables,
convenient and well made, at
HEWEY'S.

WARDROBES and Hat Racks, of super-
ior workmanship, for sale by
G. W. HEWEY.

BUREAUS, Walnut, Mahogany and Rose-
wood, of various styles, for sale at G. W.
HEWEY'S Furniture Warehouse, 33 street.
sept 1, '54

BEST VIRGINIA TOBACCO for sale at
J. C. HEWEY'S
sept 1

250 LARD KEGS
FOR sale by
WELSH & RUSSELL.
oct 21

Chewing Tobacco & Cigars.
VIRGINIA, Baltimore, and Missouri To-
bacco. Spanish, Half Spanish and Com-
mon Cigars, by the box or dozen, just received
and for sale by
J. B. AKIN.
sept 22, '54

Pocket Knives.
THE "Tom Page Knife," the Jonathan
Crooke's Knife, the Geo. Westenhofen
Knife, and various other fine manufactures just
received and for sale by
J. B. AKIN.
oct 27

Window Glass.—8 by 10; 10
by 12, 10 by 16; 12 by 18; 12 by 20;
and 18 by 24—just received and for sale by
JNO. B. AKIN.
sept 29

MATS.—Fancy Laid Mats, do. Cocoa
Plain and Open Rope Mats, just received
and for sale by
JNO. B. AKIN.
oct 27

TOYS.—A fine lot of Toys for Christ-
mas just received and for sale by
T. J. SHINDLEBOWER.
oct 22

50 BOXES Star and Tallow Candles
just received and for sale at
WELSH & RUSSELL'S.
oct 13

For Sale or Rent.
THE TRACT OF LAND, known as the
Frying Pan Bend, on Dick's River.
JAMES KINNARD.
dec 8, '54

FRESH SAGE
FOR sale at the Sign of the Big Book and
Mortar.
WM. M. STOUT.
nov 10, '54

CIDER VINEGAR.
MADE by Esq. Bruce, just received and
for sale by
WM. M. STOUT.
nov 10, '54

Perfumery, Inks, &c.
JUST received, a large and superior lot of
Harrison's Columbian Inks, red, blue,
and black; Hair Oil; Lip Balm; Perfumery,
&c.
H. HAMILTON.
nov 1, '54

NOTICE.
I HAVE left my residence, accounts with
Mr. Buz, Movingmen, at the Branch
Bank, and will be much obliged to all indebted
to me, if they will call on him and settle. I
will leave them with Mr. M. for a short time,
and all who feel disposed to save costs can do
so by attending to this notice.
G. A. ARMSTRONG.
oct 30, '54

ESTIA
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Conn.
IS Agent of the above Company.
I will issue Policies on Dwellings
on as favorable terms as any reliable Mutual
Company.
See statement of Company, in another
place.
A. S. McGRORTY, Ag't.
oct 6, 1855 [June 3, '54]

POETICAL.

For the Kentucky Tribune.
To an Absent Friend.

BY I. BRICKEY.

I'm thinking on the days, Jim,
When you and I were young—
How merrily time passed along,
And boyhood pleasures sprung
Along the paths we used to tread,
Where flowers and sunshine rose,
And all the little ups and downs,
That taught but boyhood knows.
Oh, how the scenes have changed since then,
How life has lost its joys!
There's scarcely one thing now as when
That you and I were boys.

I'm thinking on the days, Jim,
When "cross you little rill,
As up the gentle slope we walked,
To the school house on the hill;
Of how we ranged each youthful plan,
How taxed our schoolboy brain
With deepest thought to cheat ourselves
Till school was out again.
And how we tried not to believe
The lessons culled with care,
By the who could not would deceive,
The man who taught us there.

I'm thinking too of those, Jim,
Who used to meet us there—
Our classmates and schoolfellows, Jim,
Can you tell me where they are?
Of all the boys who with us played
Town-ball upon the hill,
Or quenched their thirst, or idly strayed
Beside the dimpling rill.
Search, search with me, but ah, 'tis vain,
The full heart heaves a sigh
To know that only two remain,
And those two you and I.

I'm thinking on the changes, Jim,
By the village undergone;
For time, though only passing through,
Has made his visits known.
The good old men who counsel gave,
Your youthful bark to steer,
Have all descended to the grave,
And strangers now appear.
At the village church, or on the street,
Or journeying to and fro,
'Tis accident the friend to meet
Of twenty years ago—

I'm taking now a stroll, Jim,
The old town o'er and o'er,
And melancholy comes the thought
I never may walk it more.
I've passed the northern limits throughly,
And moving slowly down,
Your old homestead is full in view—
I'm nearing old South Town.
But unknown forms are at the door,
Yet kindness may avail—
The old-time welcome is no more—
A stranger's at the gate.

But he who doth all things well,
Does not forsake us yet, Jim,
And every day new reasons tell
Why we should not forget him.
Although our sires have sunk to rest,
'Twas his appointed day,
We each with mothers still are blest—
They're not yet passed away.
Then may we, Jim, our course so steer,
That as the time draws nigh
When we may meet them no more here
We'll meet again on high!

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Smith and his Son John.
BY CLEMENT WHEELER.

I wish my hero's name were anything but
Smith—anything but John Smith; for I know the
reader will pronounce the story I may relate a
fiction, at first sight. "Else, why, (he will ask)
did the writer select for his prominent character
a name so common and hence so void of mean-
ing?" But I protest, on my honor, that my sole
purpose in using a name so unpoetical, is to
give the reader a plain, unvarnished tale of
truth, without even the semblance of disguise.
My hero's name was John Smith; he couldn't
help it, and I can't help it.
Very likely some member of the Skeptic fam-
ily will rise up here and aver that plain John
Smith has been dead these twenty years. "He
fell into the river and was drowned," one will
say. "He was thrown from his horse and killed,"
will say another. "He was hung for mur-
der," will say a third; and "He cut his own
throat in a fit of despair," will say a fourth.
Gentlemen, I know a better. John Smith and
his son John are both alive. Read my story,
and tell me then why even a wish to die should
enter the breast of either of them.

It was a snug little log cabin, that of John
Smith's, when he built it; and it was a decent
place to live in when John Smith, junior, was
born. But time sets up his capers with almost
everything, and amongst other things with log
cabins. In the course of years he came very
near upsetting that of John Smith. He made
"leaks" in the roof, so that John had to get up
at nights when it rained, and move his bed, first
to the steepest and then to that corner of the room,
to dodge the streams that came pouring down upon
it. He pulled the battens off, and let the
snow come drifting in, in dead of winter time,
between the eaves or half eaves logs. And then
he sent a rain storm, and the water came pour-
ing down the hill on the side of which John's
house stood. A smart man, in two hours, might
have turned the torrent in a direction where it
would have done no harm; but John chose to let
it come and do its worst; the result was, nearly
one-half of the underpinning of his house was
piled up in the cellar. Didn't he pull it back
again? Not he. There was a grog shop within
a mile and a half of his house—and there he
had much rather spend his time than in build-
ing a new wall. "Idleness is the parent of vice,"
I have read somewhere. Drinking is the parent
of idleness, I know.

Smith had one near neighbor, and but one.
His name was Churchill; and he had settled in
the woods there only one or two years in ad-

vance of Smith. He was an industrious, work-
ing and kind man. Everybody loved him; and
never a clergyman traveled that way who would
not leave his road a couple of miles to stop all
night with Job Churchill. There was so much
hospitality about him—so much of the "help
yourself in welcome" tone in his conduct, that
they felt at home when they came under his
roof, and sit down to his hand-ome fare. Yes,
everybody loved him; everybody—except John
Smith.

And why did not our man Smith love him
also? How could he help loving so generous
and noble a friend? That's a secret I never
pryed into. True, I have heard people guess
at the cause, but their guessing had so much to
do with bonds and probate doings that I never
troubled myself to understand it. Smith was
seldom heard to speak of his neighbor; never in
positively good terms, "I guess he's a good
enough Methodist," he would answer some-
times, when interrogated as to his character; at
others he would give a peculiar twist to his face,
and say—"Ask the ministers, they all put up
with him, and I guess they know all about him."

But all Smith's hatred and spitefulness could
not keep little John from visiting at neighbor
Churchill's. When he had a leisure hour, he
was sure to spend it there, even at the risk of
a smart scolding when he got home.

Ellen Churchill was only one year younger
than himself, and he loved dearly to be with
her. And who wonders? She was one of the
sweetest, sprightliest creatures in the world.
She was a wee little bit of a thing when John
Smith first got acquainted with her; but even
then she would chase a butterfly the whole af-
ternoon in the same field where he was working,
or sing bits of pretty songs to him as he plied
the hoe amongst the weeds. Young as he was
John loved her—and she loved John.

When John was sixteen years of age, he be-
gan to take a good deal of interest in things
about his home. His father spent most of his
time away, and he was left to do nearly all the
work about the little farm. He grew thoughtful,
but not like his father, indolent. He toiled in-
cessantly, and toiled hard. He tried to make
his mother happy, and would speak encourag-
ingly—bravely and nobly, for a boy—when she
looked sad, or spoke of her hard lot.

Towards evening he would walk over to Far-
mer Churchill's, and, taking Ellen by the hand,
they would stroll across the field, and over to the
banks of the little brook, which ran through the
pasture. There they would sit sometimes in a
quiet conversation, and sometimes in thought-
ful silence, till the whippersnappers commenced
their night songs. Then they would walk slow-
ly back again. John would kiss Ellen's pretty
white forehead at the gate, promising to love
her till they met again, and then they would
go home, whistling as he went so sprightly, and
thinking of the little treasure he had just
left behind him.

One night John came home an hour later than
usual, and found his mother in tears. It was
no new thing to see her weep; but her grief seemed
now more intense than ever he knew it before,
and he felt anxious to know its cause. Still he
did not like to so far intrude upon it as to ask
any questions. He sat down by his mother's
side, took her hand in his own, and begged her
not to cry.

"Be of stout heart, dear mother; father will
come home by and by, and then I will beg him
not to go to Scribner's any more."
"I fear it is too late," replied the mother, her
sobs increasing; "your father, I fear is lost for-
ever. I have heard this evening that our little
farm is mortgaged to Scribner, and that the sum
it is mortgaged for is so large that your father
has no expectation or hope of redeeming it."

If a clasp of thunder had broken upon John's
ear from a cloudless sky, it could not have as-
tonished him more. He sat a moment in breath-
less silence. Tears were struggling between his
eyelids, but he strove to suppress them, and suc-
ceeded. His mother ceased crying, and looked
him in the face.

"What shall we do, John?"
"I'll tell you what I will do," said John, af-
ter a moment's hesitation—"I will redeem the
farm. I can do it, young as I am, and I will."
There was energy in his speech, though his
utterance was nearly choked with grief. Big
thoughts were those revolving in the mind of
our little hero, young as he was.

The next day John worked as usual. No one
could have told from his appearance, as he strug-
gled away at his labor, that anything had oc-
curred to change the current of his thoughts.
Half an hour after sunset he stood at the gate of
Farmer Churchill. Ellen met him, and they
sauntered across the field to their favorite rest-
ing place; here they sat down.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Ellen; "I
notice you have not spoken since we left the
gate."
"Ellen," said John, with a good deal of seri-
ousness, "do you love me?"

More than a hundred times before this Ellen
had told John that she loved him. But it had
been when they were in playful mood, and as
one child opens its heart to another. Now she
was called upon to speak in a different strain.
She knew that she really loved him, almost as
she loved her own being—that she was happy
in his presence, and sad, even at heart, when he
was away. She almost worshipped him; and
yet, what should she say to this abrupt ques-
tion? She hung down her head; to hide a tear
that was stealing over her cheek. John's quick
eye saw it, and it was enough. He clasped her
in his arms and hugged her closely to his breast.

"Yes, I know you love me, dear Ellen, and
I was cruel to ask so silly a question. But I want
to ask one more. Could you love me for four
years without seeing me?"
This was a strange question; and it is no
matter of wonder that Ellen hesitated to an-
swer it.
"What can you mean, John?" she asked, af-
ter a moment's silence. "You know that I
would love you even forty years should we be
separated so long, and should our lives be spared
but what can you mean by asking so terrible a
question? It cannot be that you think of leav-
ing me, to be gone four years. Certainly you
would not do that, John?"

For a moment John found it hard to speak;
but he summoned all his courage, and his
thoughts at last found utterance.

"Dear Ellen," he said tenderly, "I cannot stay
longer here. I have toiled early and late, ever
since I was large enough to work in the field;
but with all I could do, and all my poor mother
could do, we have obtained only a tolerable
living. We have not got beforehand enough to
build a new barn, or repair our old log house.
Now we learn—my mother learned it yesterday
—that our house, barn, land, and all are mort-
gaged to Scribner, the grocer, for nearly their
full value. My father has drunk them up. The
mortgage, however, has yet four years to run,
and I have thought if I could get work in some
of the large towns on the seaboard, I might pos-
sibly, in that time, redeem our home, and save
us from utter ruin. Perhaps, if I were away,
father would do better; at least I think he would
harvest the crops I have labored so hard to save.
I shall speak to him and to my mother to-
morrow, and if they are willing, I shall feel
bound to try my fortune somewhere else. It is
our only hope."

Ellen listened in painful silence. She had
never thought of separation before, and it came
terribly home to her young heart now. But she
was in the project of her loved something worthy
of greatness, and she determined not to give him
additional pain by raising objections.
"Go," she said, as the hot tears now coursed
freely down her pale cheek—"go, and I will
love you and pray for you."

Night was now gathering in the valleys and
about the hill tops. The notes of the whippoor-
will were heard in the distance; and the young
lovers were warned it was time to return home.
Just then they heard a slight rustling in the
thicket on the other side of the stream. Possi-
bly it was Farmer Churchill, for Ellen found
him not at home when she arrived there.

The next day John spoke to his mother of his
plan of redeeming the farm, and though he
could not inspire her with much faith in his suc-
cess, he did finally obtain her consent to his
making the trial. The father was not so soon to
give way, for he knew that if his son was ab-
sent, he must be more at home; but his opposi-
tion was not violent, and he at last was coaxed
to say that "John is a good boy, and may go
where he pleases."

On the following Monday morning, John took
what clothes his mother had prepared for him,
carefully tied them up in a large handkerchief,
hung them to a stick cut for the purpose in the
thicket by the brook, lifted them to his shoulder,
took hands with his father, kissed his mother,
and with as stout a heart as could be expected
in one of his years, left the old log cabin in
which he was born. At the foot of the hill, and
hid from the view of either cottage, he met Ellen,
who had come here to give him a parting word
and a parting kiss. She was not all gayety,
nor was she all in tears; but with a strength be-
coming womanhood, she urged him to keep up
a good heart, and rely on her constancy till his
return. He answered her with an assurance of
his undying affection, and the expression of his
determination to return home at the end of four
years, whether he should have accomplished his
object or not. They then embraced—and parted.

When John came opposite the neat cottage of
Farmer Churchill, he found the good farmer
himself standing at the gate. He approached
him to give him a parting shake of the hand—
Uncle Job, as he was sometimes called, drew
him gently aside to a corner of the yard, and
they conversed together for some time. All
they said, I might tell the reader, if I knew; but
when they parted Uncle Job was seen to slip a
couple of silver dollars into the boy's hand, and
was heard to tell him to beware of bad compa-
ny, to trust in God, and to remember his old
mother, to all or any part of which John was
too much affected to make any reply. In a
short time he was again on his way toward the
bustling cities of the sea board, in some of which
he hoped to earn the money that should pre-
serve to his mother her home.

Now, John Smith, the senior, bestir yourself!
Your only boy, and one of the best boys that
ever sunned himself on a New England hill-
side, has left you to harvest your own grain and
get ready for winter. Keep away from the grog
shop, and you will do well enough. Go there,
and everything besides will be neglected!

At the time I speak of, I do not know as John
Smith would have heeded the caution of an an-
gel. He was going down hill; and when this is
the fact with any one, it is seldom that good ad-
vice avails anything. When he got down there,
and has seen the folly of it, perhaps he
will turn back; but not now. Smith went down.

He kept away from Scribner's long enough to
get into his house and barn, the vegetables and
grain his son had taken such pains to cultivate;
but the very next year his fences were left strep-
tured, and his ground ungrazed. Weeds
sprung up where corn had grown up luxuri-
antly, and everything about the once thrifty farm
looked like ruin. His wife fenced and planted
a small garden patch; but beyond this little was
done.

And so things went on for three long years—
until John Smith had become a poor, miserably
inhabited, with scarcely a foot to his back, or a
pair of shoes to his feet. A burning thirst was
in him, calling for alcohol. A terrible con-
science was haunting him. Despair seemed
written in his face, and on his soul.

One day Farmer Churchill met him. Smith
was too far gone—too low down—to think of
farther enquiry; and when the good farmer of-
fered him a drink, and told his wife what
he had done, and for the first time in three years
asked her advice.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said
the good woman, and she set about mending his
torn garments.
By the time the sun had gone, he was in toler-
able trim, and he set out for Farmer Church-
ill's—a threshold he hadn't crossed in twelve
years. His wife went with him; they were
treated with the utmost kindness, and John was

delighted with the clergyman. He had expect-
ed to find a haughty, self righteous, upbraiding
aristocrat. Instead of that, he found a man of
humility; a man who could pity and feel for
him; a man all kindness of heart. John Smith
himself can hardly tell how it came about, but
before leaving Farmer Churchill's he promised
the clergyman he would never drink any more.

And he never did—never, at least, to his
knowledge. He set about mending his fences,
repairing his house, and getting food and cloth-
ing for himself and wife; and when spring came,
he sowed and planted as he had not before in
years. Everything went well with him, and
for that mortgage hanging over his head, he
would have been happy.

Where was his son? A few months after his
departure from home, a drover who arrived back
from Boston, and who knew him, said he saw
him in that city, and that he was engaged in
hauling cotton into a loft. A year afterwards,
another acquaintance saw him in a wholesale
store, though in what capacity he could not say.
And then a year afterwards somebody had seen
him as a head clerk in a large wholesale estab-
lishment. This was all the people in his native
town knew of him. Whether his mother, and
Farmer Churchill, and Ellen knew anything of
his location or employment, I will not venture
to say; but Mrs. Smith went regularly to Scrib-
ner's and paid the interest on that mortgage in
Boston bank notes; that Farmer Churchill occa-
sionally had a letter from the same place; and
that always when he got one, Ellen would re-
joice over the event till she cried for very glad-
ness.

Four years have passed since young John
Smith, with his bundle on his back, took his
way toward the seaboard. Then he was but
seventeen years of age; now he is nearly
twenty-one. In this long time he has regarded
well the advice of his good friend the farmer—
Has he remembered his mother, and thought of
his home and of Ellen? Perhaps we shall
see. Let us go on with our story.

July has come. The rich grain is waving in
beauty in the fields. The mowers are in the
meadows. The yellow corn leaves are rustling
in the gentle breeze.

Over there stands Ben Scribner's grog shop,
just where it stood four years ago. But the doors
and shutters are closed. Ben's customers have
left him; and Othello's occupation's gone. Look
over the hill yonder! There comes a pretty one-
horse buggy, containing a single individual—a
gentleman, I should judge from his appearance.
He looks young, and yet he looks manly. A no-
ble heart looks out from his beaming counte-
nance. His hat is raised, that his high forehead
may catch the cooling breeze. He gazes about
him half familiarly, as though he recognized in
these old hills and valleys the acquaintance of
past years.

He drives straight to the door of Ben Scrib-
ner, and leaps from his carriage. Ben is cool-
ing himself in the little back parlor, but meets
the stranger at the gate. After a few words in
a low voice, they enter the house together, and
Ben turns to his desk. In a snug little drawer
he finds what he is searching for, and evidently
with some reluctance hands it to the stranger;
the latter looks over the paper, carefully folds it
up, puts it into his pocket book and hands Ben a
jump of bank notes. Then he leaves the house,
rings into his carriage, and is away. I'll bet
my inkstand, that was the mortgage of John
Smith's farm!

Farmer Churchill has risen from his dinner,
and is sitting in his chair for a moment's rest on
the piazza of his pretty white cottage. Ellen is
there. She is not less beautiful than she was
four years ago. She is singing; but she stops to
hear a remark of her father.

"It is just four years to-day," said the good
farmer, "since your John Smith left us. I
wonder if he would be here now, if he were
before the month is out."

"Why not to-day, father?" asked Ellen.
"He promised he would return in four years, whether
he was successful or not."
The farmer had no time to reply; for just then
Mrs. Churchill appeared, and said a carriage
was coming with only a single gentleman in it.
She had seen it from her window, enter the val-
ley a little way south of the cottage. Only a
moment elapsed and the carriage was at the
door. The young stranger within it turned his
eye for a moment toward the piazza, and then
sprang to the ground. Ellen's eye had caught
the stranger's. With the agility of a fawn, she
ran to the gateway, and was in his arms. John
Smith's son John had got back again!

Farmer Churchill was scarcely less happy
than his daughter; for he loved John already as
if he were his own son. But his joy found other
channels through which to give itself than
kisses and embraces. He gave John's hand a
hearty shake, welcomed him to his house, ordered
his horse to be put in the stable, and him-
self, walked with him over the log cabin to
see his mother. On the way there, he told
John of the reconciliation between himself and
his father, of the complete reformation of the
latter, and assured him that abundance of hap-
piness now reigned where before was strife and
misery. John had not lost all his boyishness,
and he clasped his hands for joy when he re-
ceived this intelligence. He felt even more like
doing the same thing when, on reaching his
home, and after being covered with kisses, he
heard the same story from his mother's lips,
and saw the bright smile on her happy counte-
nance. His father soon came in, and with tear-
ful eyes, but a thankful, welcomed back
again—back to a better home than he left—his
long absent son. Just then Ellen came rushing
in, and declared she could not stay away from
where there was so much happiness. Young
John now took from his pocket book the mort-
gage he had just purchased from Scribner, and
proposed that it be consigned to the flames; his
father took it gently from his hand, read it aloud
to the little company, and after imploring his
kind father in Heaven that there might be kept
no more durable record of his vices, and his fol-
lows, did with it as John desired.

That evening John and Ellen met at their old
retreat by the brookside, and renewed their en-
franchises with which they had parted four years
before. Not the least pleasing of their declara-
tions this time was the one that, come what
woe, their days of separation were at an end.
In the course of a few weeks, a joyous wed-

dling party assembled at the cottage of Farmer
Churchill, and the same kind hearted clergyman
who reclaimed his father, now joined the son in
the bands of wedlock, with the woman he loved
better than himself. A happier couple had never
entered the married life, and happier parents
than those of John and Ellen never gave away
son or daughter.

Don't be Discouraged.

There are many things to discourage one, at
this season of the year, when the gloominess of
the weather not infrequently has a fatal influ-
ence on the mind. Money is "tight," labor but
little in demand, and the "times" are indeed
"hard." We fear they may be harder yet before
winter is over. Nevertheless, don't be discourag-
ed. Hope for the best. There are those worse
off than you are. Be saving of your money—
it's trench all needless expense—but don't give
up your weekly paper. The comparatively trifling
sum it costs you, in the course of a year, is well
repaid by the instruction and entertainment it
affords you. Many failures have taken place
within the last fortnight, and more will follow
soon. These failures will affect the community
in more ways than one. Most of our large busi-
ness firms are heavy money borrowers. Their
suspensions will tend, on the one hand to re-
duce the present rates for money; while, on the
other, it will throw hundreds out of employ, and
ruin many who rely on them for means. But
again we say, don't be discouraged. Keep a
"stiff upper lip," and live it through. It's a long
lane that has no turning, and a dark night, in-
deed, that never ushers in the day.

If you are distressed in mind, live; better times
will yet come to cheer you.

If you have been contented and cheerful, live;
and make others as happy as you can.

If misfortunes have befallen you by your own
misconduct, live; and be wiser hereafter.

If things have befallen you by the faults of
others, live; you have no cause to reproach your-
self.

If you are needy and helpless, live; the face
of things may soon change for the better.

If you are rich and prosperous, live; and enjoy
what you have.

If another has injured you, live; his own
crime will be his punishment.

If you have injured another, live; and make
up for it by future acts of kindness.

If your character be attacked unjustly, live;
time will make all right.

If the reproaches are well founded, live; and
don't deserve them in future.

If you stand well in the estimation of others,
live; and keep the honors you have acquired.

If your success is not equal to your merit,
live; in the consciousness of having deserved
better things.

If your success has been better than you de-
serve, live; but don't pride yourself upon it.

If you have been negligent and useless to so-
ciety, live; and make up for it by your future
conduct.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as a boy said when he was stealing apples from a man's garden and saw the owner coming with a cowl in his hand.

A young lady, says one of our exchanges, remarked to a male friend that she would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered, "Probably," but you would make an excellent mate."

When you see a young lady disposed to shuffle all the house work upon her mother's shoulders for the purpose of sitting down and having a talk, or going into the neighbor's, just make up your mind that she isn't much of an establishment any way.

A Cincinnati paper gives an account of a dastardly outrage committed on Wednesday night upon a man named Geo. Knight, about nine miles from Shepherdsburg, Ky., on the road leading to Cincinnati. He was attacked by a gang of robbers, who beat and left him for dead, after robbing him of \$5.00 in silver.

The New Orleans Delta of Dec. 25 says: "The mortality statistics for the last week in that city exhibit a gratifying state of health. The deaths were 144 for the week, which is a great decline on the week previous, and, considering the large number of persons in the city, is such an evidence of health as no other town in the Union can surpass."

A Catholic Priest Fixed.—The Rev. John B. Welcomb, a German Catholic priest, for a violent assault upon a lame boy, for whispering while attending mass. The court held that the defendant had no authority, in law or religion, to commit an assault and battery upon the boy on the ground that he was pastor of the church.

Our Virginia neighbors have a new source of trouble. A swarm of gipsies have made a descent upon them. The Winchester Virginian states that these people are committing all sorts of depredations. In addition to their depredations by theft, they are corrupting the negroes, by working on their superstitions. We would advise the gipsies to get out of the "Old Dominion" as soon as possible, if they desire to preserve whole hides.

THE NATIONAL CLAY MONUMENT.—We learn from the Lexington Observer and Reporter that the Clay Monument Committee, in pursuance to public notice, met at the office of the association in that city on Monday last, for the purpose of making choice of the models for the proposed monument over the remains of the illustrious statesman. A large number of models had been sent in, many of them of high merit, but at the request of several distinguished artists at the East and elsewhere, it was determined by the board to postpone the selection until the 12th of April, the anniversary of his birth-day, when the model will certainly be selected, and the premium of \$500 awarded. Arrangements will then be entered into for an early commencement of this work of national gratitude.

NEW GOODS

S. & E. S. MESSICK
WOULD respectfully call the attention of their customers and the public to their extensive and fashionable stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,
Which were carefully selected in the Eastern Cities, and embrace a complete assortment of the latest and most admired styles.

Are particularly requested to examine their Dress Goods, of which they have an exceedingly handsome stock, including many new and rich designs. Also a large supply of

STAPLE GOODS:
Goods for Gentlemen's Wear: Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Carpets, &c.

These stock of Goods throughout, in superiority, beauty and extent, will compare favorably with any ever brought to Danville, and will be sold at small profits. Call and examine for yourselves.

S. & E. S. MESSICK.
Danville, Sept 8, '54

NEW GOODS.

JOHN H. CALDWELL
HAS NOW RECEIVED HIS LARGE, SUPERIOR AND FASHIONABLE STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
EMBRACING ALL THE LATEST STYLES FOR Ladies, Gentlemen, Children, and Servants' Wear.

All of which were selected with care and purchased upon the most favorable terms, so that NONE CAN OFFER BETTER OR CHEAPER.

I respectfully solicit buyers to examine my STOCK AT PRICES 25 Below Purchasing Bidders.

J. H. CALDWELL.
Sept 21, '54

GUNS AT COST
WELSH & RUSSEL are now selling the remainder of their stock of Guns at Cost. Those wishing to purchase, have now a rare chance offered them.

HOTELS.

REDDING HOUSE
G. A. ARMSTRONG,
PROPRIETOR.
Shelbyville, Ky.
Oct 6, '54

BATTE TON HOUSE,
DANVILLE, KY.

THE undersigned having purchased this large and commodious Hotel, is prepared to accommodate travelers, regular boarders, and the public generally, in the best style. By strict attention to the comfort of patrons, by keeping a good Table, and having competent assistants, and polite, experienced servants, he hopes to sustain the widely spread and enviable reputation of this house.

IT IS STAGES for Lexington, Louisville, Clarksville, Lebanon, &c., arrive at and depart from this house. There is attached to it a large STABLE, where Horses, Buggy, &c., can be hired at all times.

WM. M. FIELDS.
Sept 22, '54

CITY HOTEL,
(Formerly "Central House.")
Danville, Ky.
HOPE & WHITE—PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers having taken for a term of years the tavern stand in Danville known as the "CENTRAL HOUSE," would respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to accommodate all who may see proper to call upon them. It is useless to make promises—our motto is, try us.

Connected with this house is a fine large STABLE, provided with a competent and efficient Proprietor, and attended by a careful and attentive Hostler. Horses kept by the day, month, or week.

JAMES HOPE,
J. B. WHITE.
Danville, Jan 13, 1854

CUMBERLAND HOUSE,
East side of the Public Square,
Bourbon, Ky.
R. C. HARRIS, Proprietor.
Bourbon, Jan 14, '53

DANVILLE HOUSE,
W. A. HARNES.

THE undersigned having leased this large and commodious establishment for a number of years, and thoroughly refitted and rearranged the same, is now prepared to accommodate, he has put to their entire satisfaction, all who may favor him with a call. His Table and Bar shall always be abundantly supplied with the choicest luxuries of the country, and his STABLE under the care of an experienced Ostler. Having thoroughly provided himself with every necessary, and being determined to devote himself entirely to the business, he trusts to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

W. A. HARNES.
Danville, April 1, '53

DANVILLE
MALE AND FEMALE
ACADEMY.

THE Principal, assisted by Miss Mary McLean, his brother, S. McKee, and other competent teachers, will, if needed, commence the 3d session of this institution on the 1st Monday in September.

The course of instruction will be very thorough, embracing the common English branches; Algebra and Geometry; Latin and Greek Natural, Moral and Mental Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Alexander's Evidence of Christianity, and Butler's Analogy.

Terms, per Session of 20 weeks:
Learning to Spell and Read, \$10 00
Spelling, Reading, Writing, Primary, 12 00
Geography and Mental Arithmetic, 12 00
Junior, Middle and Senior Classes, 15 00

There will be a charge of \$1 per session for pens, ink, copy-books and pencils. Fuel for school-room, \$1.
No deduction made for absence, except in cases of special agreement.

The Preparatory Department
Of Centre College will be connected with this school, and those in that department must comply with the following College law: The tuition fee of \$5.00 per annum, with \$1 for fuel, covers the whole College charges. Payment of these charges must be made in advance. Those who enter two months after the annual session has commenced, are charged in proportion to the part of it that they then remain. Young men pursuing the studies with a view to the ministry and receiving aid from any society, pay only \$10.00 per annum for tuition.

JOHN L. MCKEE.
Sept 1, '54

DR. J. WESTERFIELD & SON,
HAVING located in Shelbyville, Ky., under their professional services to the afflicted. They will give special attention to the treatment of

CHRONIC DISEASES.
The Senior partner has given his undivided attention to the practice of Medicine for the last 25 years. In addition to his regular course of reading, he studied and practiced for three years in conjunction with the

Indian Doctor, Richard Carter, Sen., formerly of Shelby county, Ky., from whom he obtained all those valuable recipes and formulas for the preparation of his peculiar remedies, which have proven so eminently successful in the treatment of

Chronic Diseases.
In simple uncomplicated diseases, where a carefully written description is sent them, (post-paid,) they will send medicines and directions promptly by mail.

Aug 25, '54

A No. 1, Boyle County Farm.
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being desirous to change his business, wishes to sell his FARM, containing about 500 Acres.

It lies 2 1/2 miles south-east of Danville, immediately on the turnpike leading from Danville to Stanford.

The Farm is in a high state of cultivation, well watered, and all set in grass, fencing all good with very superior barns and sheds for stock, and a pretty good Dwelling House.

Any person wishing to purchase will please call and examine the Farm. Terms reasonable.

REUBEN GENTRY.
Aug 11, '54

Professional Cards.

T. P. YOUNG
CAN be found at the Law Office formerly occupied by C. B. WALLACE, Esq., on Main-street, opposite the Court-house, (now occupied jointly by Fry, Speed and Young). He will attend promptly to the collection of monies either as an Attorney or General Collector. All business entrusted to him shall be faithfully and speedily attended to, and returns punctually forwarded.

Danville, March 10, '54

J. F. BELL, JOHN COWAN,
BELL & COWAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of their profession, will give faithful attention to all business entrusted to their care in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Oct 14, '53

J. L. BOLING,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Main-street, Pettysville, Ky.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Sept 7, '53

BOYLE & ANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

WILL continue to Practice Law in partnership with Boyle and the adjoining counties. Office on Third-street, opposite the Tribune Printing Office.

Sept 2, '54

SPEED S. FRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL practice in the Courts of Boyle and the adjoining counties. Any business entrusted to him, will be promptly attended to.

Feb 27, '52

P. T. & T. H. FOX,
Attorneys at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.

Will attend to all business entrusted to them in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

April 9, '52

GEO. P. NEWLIN,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL.
DENTIST.
DANVILLE, KENTY.

OFFICE—Up stairs, over Mr. J. H. Caldwell's Store. Entrance on Main street—Nov 18, '53

DR. JAS. HUNTER
WILL continue the practice of Medicine, in all its branches, in Danville, and the surrounding country. Office on Walnut-street, near his residence.

Danville, Nov 5, '52

Business Notices.

C. F. MEYER,
DEALER IN PIANOS,
Music and Musical Instruments,
Corner of Main and Mulberry sts. (up stairs),
LEXINGTON, KY.

ENTRANCE—The iron steps on Mulberry street, opposite the Phoenix Hotel.
(Pianos tuned and repaired as usual.)
Sept 15, '54

J. P. TREGER,
Fashionable Boot & Shoe Maker,
MAIN ST., DANVILLE, KENTY.

A large stock of the most superior Materials kept constantly on hand, and none but the best workmen employed.

May 19, '54

W. B. MORROW & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Dealers in Produce, and Commission Merchants,
DANVILLE, KY.

WATKINS & OWSLEY,
Commission Merchants, Provision and Tobacco Brokers,
No. 256, MAIN STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Two Daily Lines of Stages
From Lexington to Danville
AND ORAB ORCHARD.

STAGES leave Lexington for Danville and Orab Orchard at 7 o'clock A.M. and the morning trains from Louisville and Cincinnati. Returning, leave Danville and Orab Orchard daily in time to connect with the evening trains of cars for Louisville and Cincinnati.

Passengers can leave Danville daily and arrive at Lexington in time for the cars to Louisville or Cincinnati, and arrive at either place the same day. Returning, passengers from Louisville or Cincinnati, by the line of Stages, can go through Danville and Lebanon to Greensburg, without detention at any point.

STAGE OFFICE in Lexington at the Phoenix Hotel—in Danville at the Battenton House—in Lebanon at Kirk's Hotel.

C. A. HAWKINS & CO.
Sept 8, '54

PERCUSSION MATCHES, a new article, for sale by
J. C. HEWEY.

A SUPERIOR article of Friction Grip Saws kept constantly on hand
WELSH & RUSSEL'S.

Oct 13

DR. J. B. WHITE,
DANVILLE, KY.
(LATE OF CHAS. ORCHARD.)

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Danville, and community generally, that he will practice Medicine in conjunction with the Water Cure treatment, in such cases as may seem practicable to his mind. By a union of the two systems, he has enabled himself to treat both the Acute and Chronic forms of disease with much less medicine and with much greater success, than with either employed separately. In no one disease has the success of the joint practice proved its superior efficacy and unparalleled success, as in CONSUMPTION.

I assert the curability of Consumption, knowing too that this will be regarded as fiction—it being an almost universal belief that Consumption cannot be cured. "What cure Consumption?" Even so. I do not cure Consumption, I merely remove the cause, when I declare my ability to control and cure a large majority of the cases of clearly developed Pulmonary Consumption, varying under fifty years of age.

Hereditary predisposition to Consumption has been and is yet considered a cause of the most formidable character—a cause which no cure or treatment can avert, and one which all who have either acquired or inherited must feel the blighting influence of. The fallacy of this opinion I feel prepared to prove, both from reason and the practical results in a variety of cases which have fallen under my observation within the last twenty years.

If in no case of Consumption will a charge be made for medical services until the patient is fully satisfied of a progressive improvement, except for consultation fees, (which is \$10 in any case,) nor for that, unless actual treatment is entered into.

For the information of those at a distance who may desire to place themselves under any treatment, I may state that they can find board and all the necessary attendance on reasonable terms, at the City Hotel, where we will be pleased to see all who wish to consult with us.

J. B. WHITE, M.D.
Danville, March 17, '54

A NEW STOCK.

THE celebrated thorough-bred Imported Bull, JOHN O'GAUNT, is now at my farm, 3 miles from Danville, immediately on the Harborsburg Turnpike road, and will be let to any one at the moderate price of FIFTY DOLLARS the season, the money to be paid when the cow is taken away. If any cow, however, should prove not to be with calf, the owner will have the privilege of breeding her gratis until she does. Good pasturage will be furnished gratis for all cows sent to the Bull, and all care taken to avoid accidents or escapes, but no liability should any happen.

A. G. TALBOT.
June 23, '54

LIGHTNING RODS!
JUST received, a lot of Smith's Improved Lightning Rods, with solid silver plated singular points. These points are superior to any that have been brought before the public for their attractive qualities. I am prepared to put them up on short notice and reasonable terms. Orders solicited.

G. W. COLLINS.
FRENCH SOFAS for sale at HEWEY'S Warehouse.

BOOTS AND SHOES
AT HEAD QUARTERS!

I TAKE this method of informing the public, that I have now in store and for sale an unusually large and fine assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Embracing all the various styles and qualities, both Plain and Fancy, which I will sell on very accommodating terms to cash and prompt paying customers.

March 31, '54

HATS AND HATS!
I AM NOW IN RECEIPT OF THE SPRING STYLE

Of that unsurpassed article of Fine Silk Hat, which I am so well known to keep. Also, a splendid article of White Beaver Hats, together with all the desirable styles of Soft Flat Straw and Leghorn Hats.

Girls' Florence and Bloomer Hats. All of which I am prepared to sell VERY CHEAP.

P. P. WHITCHER.
Danville, March 31, '54

COAL—COAL—COAL.
In consequence of the increased price of transportation, and of grain and other feed for my teams, I have been compelled to raise the price of Coal, delivered in Danville, to 22 cents per bushel—to be paid, in every instance, upon the delivery of the Coal.

R. M. ROBINSON.
Sept 15, '54

New Stage Arrangement!
Two Daily Lines of Stages
From Lexington to Danville
AND ORAB ORCHARD.

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C. A. HAWKINS & CO.
Sept 8, '54

WELSH & RUSSEL'S
Clean Linen or Cotton Rags,
For which the very highest market price.

IN CASH
WILL BE PAID.

NEW BOOKS,
I AM now in receipt of the largest and best assorted stock of

School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

Ever brought to the place. Persons wishing anything in the Book line, will do well to examine before purchasing. I would call attention to my very superior stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Cutlery, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold as low as they can be had in this place or elsewhere.

Sept 15, '54

A LARGE lot of Bacon for sale at
WELSH & RUSSEL'S.

Oct 13

OLD ROCHESTER
NURSERIES,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

AMUEL MOULSON,
PROPRIETOR.

THERE are under cultivation over ONE HUNDRED ACRES of every description of

Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants, &c.
Suitable for utility or ornament.

The great care in packing, rendering the trees perfectly safe for thousands of miles transit, has given entire satisfaction. The same preparation, labor, and expense will be devoted to the packing department; so that all, however distant from the Nursery, may confidently calculate upon their orders being packed in the most approved manner.

All Fruit Trees, Plants, &c., purchased of the above Nurseries, are warranted, and will be delivered in Danville free of cost, and at our risk.

The undersigned, the authorized Agent of the Rochester Nurseries, can be seen, for the present, at the "Battenton House," in Danville, where orders will be thankfully received and attended to. Trees forwarded during the month of November.

W. M. DENNESTON, Agent.
Jan 2, '54

FRESH MEATS.

THE undersigned would return thanks to the citizens of Danville vicinity for the very liberal patronage he has received since he commenced the Butchering business in this place, and begs leave to inform them that he is now prepared to furnish them with the best

BEEF AND MUTTON
Which the country can afford.

Every Wednesday & Saturday Morning, and he intends selling his meats as cheap for cash as it can possibly be afforded.

JOHN STODGHILL.
Danville, Sept 8, '54

N. B. The highest price in cash paid for good Sheep Skins.

J. S.

JOHN O'GAUNT.

THE celebrated thorough-bred Imported Bull, JOHN O'GAUNT, is now at my farm, 3 miles from Danville, immediately on the Harborsburg Turnpike road, and will be let to any one at the moderate price of FIFTY DOLLARS the season, the money to be paid when the cow is taken away. If any cow, however, should prove not to be with calf, the owner will have the privilege of breeding her gratis until she does. Good pasturage will be furnished gratis for all cows sent to the Bull, and all care taken to avoid accidents or escapes, but no liability should any happen.

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C. A. HAWKINS & CO.
Sept 8, '54

WELSH & RUSSEL'S
Clean Linen or Cotton Rags,
For which the very highest market price.

IN CASH
WILL BE PAID.

FIRST INFORMATION OF NEW GOODS!
SPIRIT AHEAD
AT THE

MARBLE PALACE CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE!

WE have just received and will continue to receive weekly, the largest and best assorted stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods ever imported to this market, which we are determined to sell at such a small advance on Eastern cost, as to defy competition.

Our stock has been selected with great care, and regard being given to styles and prices, from the largest and most fashionable houses in the Eastern cities, and we pride ourselves on its being entirely complete. The attention of the LADIES is particularly invited to the large and varied assortment of DRESSES AND VALUABLE GOODS.

Silks of every shade, pattern, price and quality; Merinos, French and English; French Jaconets; Kid Slippers; Embroideries; Wash Netts; Edgings & Insertings; Velvet Ribbons; Embroidered Sleeves and Chemises; Also, a large supply of

Cloths; Gingham; French Dresses; Cassimeres; Robinetts; Beaver; Fur, &c. Cassimeres; Bleached Muslins; Bleached Sheetings; Striped do; 5-4 to 12-4; Brown do; Brown Sheetings; Notions, &c.

Tickings, Domestic Carpets; Hats, Caps; Boots, Shoes, &c. We invite all, before purchasing their Fall supply, to call and examine this Mammoth stock. We stand by please. "Small Profits and Quick Sales."

W. B. MORROW & CO.
Sept 1, 1854

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES!

I AM now receiving my Spring supply of Fresh Family Groceries, consisting of N. O. Crushed, Pow'd and Clar'd Sugar; Rio and Java Coffee; Green and Black Tea; Syrup, S. H. and Plantation Molasses; Macerated, White Fish, &c.; Star and Tallow Candles; Rice, Pepper, Sugar, &c.; Candies, Fruits, Fancy Articles; Rope, Cotton Yarn and Batting; Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware.

To order with either article in my line of business, all of which I am prepared to sell at low prices. I also keep constantly for sale, on commission, a good supply of

Flour and Meal.
For which I am compelled in every instance to demand the cash before its removal by purchasers.

J. C. MCKAY
N. B. A large stock of Blasting and Rifle Powder, sold by the keg or at retail. Also, Clover Seed.

Feb 17, '54

H. M. WEATHERFORD & LEE'S
LIVERY & SALE STABLES,
FOURTH STREET, DANVILLE.
(Successors to Carpenter.)

WE have opened out at the above establishment, and will keep on hand the best of

Saddle and Buggy Horses, Hacks Buggies, &c. &c.

By the day, week, month or year. We will BUY, SELL, HIRE OR BREAK HORSES. In the best style—Feed Horses by the day, week, month or year, and in fact attend to every thing in the livery line.

If we have paid Cash for our whole establishment, we hope no one will have the face to ask us for credit. "A Strict Cash Business" is our motto.

H. M. WEATHERFORD & LEE, Proprietors.
Danville, Aug 26, '53

WELSH & RUSSEL'S
Fire Insurance.

MR. GEORGE YEISER is appointed Agent for the Shelbyville Fire Insurance Company. The terms of Office, the solvency of which can be ascertained at any time with little trouble. Mr.